

VOL. XXIII.

No. 1

# LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



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# THE REGISTER

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# Latin School Register

VOLUME XXIII., No. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1903

ISSUED MONTHLY

## T H E L O O N

The storm clouds o'er the lake were black and low ;

The sullen thunder rolled from hill to hill ;  
Our frail-made craft 'fore raging winds did blow,

Tossed at the mercy of the storm-god's will.

The black-browed sea was capped with flying spray,

And leaped to mingle with the low'ring sky ;

The lightning's flash lit up, then died away ;  
The wild wind howled with demon shout and cry.

From out the black a loon flew by, lone, lost,  
And laughed with maniac laughter long and loud,

As scorning men, his foes — weak, tempest-tossed,

And mocking the wild wind and flying cloud.

With pinions strong he sported in the gale ;  
With exultation felt the high-tossed spray.

His call, weird, hollow, wild, half shout, half wail,

He mingled with the element's affray.

'Twas here alone in the fierce tempest's swell

He might enjoy his solitude, rude, wild ;  
Unwatched by man with dire intents and fell,  
Unconscious sport, the wilderness's child.

He passed away and faded in the black ;  
Was swallowed up in the swift cloud-rack's race ;

But on the wind his call came floating back,  
Wild, weird, and faint, and almost lost in space.

R. T. P., '05,

## A N E A S T E R N M I N E

AN interesting trip made while in Maine last summer was to the mica mine on Black Mountain. Setting out one fine August morning I enjoyed a pleasant walk through the picturesque hill country, south of the Rangely Lakes.

Black Mountain is one of the steepest of the range which surrounds the little town of Andover, rising about three feet in six. After climbing about a mile, I came to the mine "office," a long, low building, covered with tar, and only broken by small, square windows

near the top, and two doors in front. At the door sat a tall man, sharpening a knife in a leisurely manner. He was dressed in red flannel shirt, open at the neck, thick trousers, tucked into the tops of his high black boots, and a broad-brimmed black felt hat. As I came laboriously up the narrow trail, he greeted me with a short "mornin'." I responded, and in answer to my request for a drink of water, he pointed to a barrel nearby, informing me that there was nothing much up there, anyway, but good air and good water. At length he

found out that I had come from town that morning, and immediately his interest was aroused. "Say," he asked eagerly, "d' ye know how the scrap came out?" It was the day after the Jeffries-Corbett encounter. When he found I didn't know, his interest at once disappeared, and he began to sharpen his knife again. I learned, later, that he had bet a large sum on Corbett.



THE CHIEF WORKER.

He was a very good type of the Eastern miner. He is a different sort of man from his western brother of the Forties. He doesn't own his own claim, and the mine would be of no value, anyway, to a single worker, as the gold mines were. But his face browned by exposure, his keen black eyes, his straight black hair, and the way he wore that broad-brimmed hat, made him a character out of

the ordinary, as far as appearances were concerned. As I left, he told me the mine was about a hundred yards further on, and that they were going to "shoot" in about an hour.

I went on, passing signs which cautioned, in bright red letters:

WARNING : DANGER !

FROM BLASTING !

Soon I came out of the growth, and saw a rather uninteresting looking man, who told me how the mica was obtained and where it was shipped. As we talked, a steam-drill was working noisily ; a dozen men were picking up pieces of mica from four to eight inches square from the ground, and throwing them into large pans. There were many beautiful tourmalines about. The whole process is very simple ; a steam drill makes holes in the ledge to admit a charge of powder ; the whistle blows on the tiny engine house, and the engine sends a spark to the charge by means of an electric battery. The stones fly, and the men return and pick up the pieces of mica, or break them with small hammers. The pieces are put into burlap sacks and shipped to Connecticut, where they are ground up and used in paint, to give the glistening effect to wall paper. The mineral is the same as that used in stove doors, and for lamp-chimney guards, commonly called "Ising-glass." I wandered about, enjoying the fine view, till I realized that the small village, diminutive in the distance, was my destination ; so I began to descend. As I passed the "office" the men were all seated about on the porch, or on stumps and logs ; (none I noticed, on the ground, though the day was warm,) I thought none of these had such fine features as my friend of the morning ; and all the more when he arose, and took by their collars two growling Great Danes, the camp pets.

G. E.



THE MINE.

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## AN ODD INVENTION

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"I SAY, Jack, can't you leave off plugging to-night and come over to the Opera House and see the show?"

John Haverford and Richard Ingersoll were chums and room-mates at Melville Academy in Melville, Massachusetts, and it was the latter, who, excitedly bursting into their study, had asked this question.

"Can't do it, Dick, old man," Jack replied sadly, "I've got about twenty pages of this confounded history to get, to say nothing of forty lines of Virgil. What's over there to-night, anyhow?"

"Oh, professor somebody or other," Dick answered, "and he pretends to be the greatest magician the world has ever seen, or ever will, I guess. Besides that, he's a hypnotist, and can expand his chest an unheard of distance. Why, he even offers fifteen dollars to the fellow that can expand his chest further than he can. He's got it up on bill-boards all over town and half the Academy fellows are going. You'd better come along and take it in. All

the boys are going up on the platform and have a try for the fifteen."

"Blame the fellow who invented history," Jack growled, "I wish I had him here so that I could tell him what I thought of him."

"Oh, come on, you'll know just as much about Rome when you get back as you do now. So come along and don't make a fuss about it."

No one could resist such pleading as this, and Jack knew that if he did resist, Dick would only stay until he had gained his point. So, extricating his hat from under a pile of books, he followed his chum down the rickety staircase and into the street.

The Opera House was lighted by means of kerosene lamps with shining tin reflectors placed behind them, and by their aid quite a respectable throng, for such a town, was seen swarming inside, eager to participate in the evening's enjoyment.

Dick and Jack took their seats fifteen minutes before the time for the curtain to rise, or rather,

to part, for it was suspended from a wire and was operated by pulling two cords from behind the scenes. During this interval they had plenty of time to look about them. The small hall was filled to the utmost and it probably gladdened the professor's heart, as each person represented twenty-five cents in cash. Nearly all of the spectators were boys from the Academy but there was a goodly sprinkling of ladies and farmers' sons, who lived about the neighborhood.

After a few moments the curtains parted and the professor, a large, powerful man, whose name, by the way, was Hill, came forward and began his introductory speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you have probably all seen by the bill-boards what I am going to do to-night, but, for the benefit of those who have not, I will explain. First I will perform a few sleight-of-hand tricks, then I will hypnotize a few people selected at random from the audience, and lastly will show my great chest expansion. Moreover, to anyone who can show a better chest than I possess, I will give fifteen dollars."

This was followed by hand-clapping, and yells from the students.

"Now, young gentlemen," he continued, "if you will kindly remain quiet for a few moments I will perform my first trick. Is there anyone here who will loan me a pocket-handkerchief?"

A farmer's son, anxious to share in the glory of the trick, wildly brandished a red bandana amid the yells of the students.

"I am afraid that will hardly do," said the professor. "What I wish is a small handkerchief."

A young lady near the two room-mates timidly rose and offered a silk handkerchief to the magician, which was accepted.

The professor then thrust it into a cone-like piece of tin protruding from the muzzle of a revolver, which he fired off in the air. Then,

asking some one to hand him a small box which hung from a string in the midst of the audience, he opened it with a key which he took from his pocket, and brought forth the lady's handkerchief, as good as ever.

After a few tricks of this sort the professor said that he would hypnotize some one. He displayed his power upon one of the students, making him eat corn-starch on the pretence that it was ice-cream, greatly to the delight of his companions.

Then he removed his coat, vest and shirt. He really did expand his chest to an alarming degree and Jack and Dick went home well pleased with the night's entertainment.

The next day Jack learned from a school-mate that Mr. Hill was going to stop over for another night and give his exhibition once more.

After school was over for the day, and the two chums were walking home together, Jack said to Dick, "Say, you know how the professor made Spalding take off only his coat and vest when he was competing with him last night?"

"Yes."

"Well, why couldn't we rig up a kind of a thing-a-ma-jig made of rubber that would swell up and look as if you were expanding your chest?"

"Pshaw, you're daffy. You couldn't do it in a month of Sundays."

"No, I'm not. I mean just what I say. I'm pretty sure I could fix up something like the bladder of a foot-ball and have it tied around next to the body and then have something to inflate it with whenever you wanted to."

"Oh, cut it out," said Dick in disgust, "you need to go up-stairs and plug a little on 'Pious Aeneas' and you'll get over it all right."

"Well, I mean to ask Mr. Levitt about it anyhow," said Jack, "He used to be a manu-

facturing magician, you know. He'd know whether we could do it or not. Let's go over after lunch."

Dick said that he would go over just to see Jack get a call-down.

After a hurried meal, they hastened over to Mr. Levitt's house to learn his opinion.

"Certainly it might be done," he said, to the breathless boys before him, "but what on earth do you want to do it for, anyway?"

The boys explained the matter to him and the result was that he readily entered into the spirit of their plan.

"Of course we wouldn't take the money he offers," Jack said, "but we just want to do it for sport. How much do you think it will take to make it?"

"Oh, I'll attend to that part of it," Mr. Levitt replied, "come back about seven o'clock this evening and I will have the apparatus all ready for you to try on."

"Thank you, sir," cried both boys at once, making a dash for the door.

During the afternoon word spread around among the boys that something mysterious was going to happen at the performance that night, and nearly every fellow promised to be on hand.

As for the boys, they could hardly wait for the afternoon to go by, and seven o'clock found them standing on Mr. Levitt's piazza.

"Come in, boys, come in," he said, in response to their knocks. "I've got it all fixed up ready to work and it's great. Come and try it on."

While Jack was stripping himself of his upper garments, Mr. Levitt brought forth a curious rubber article with straps and a long rubber tube connecting it with something resembling a small bicycle pump. Laying this contrivance against Jack's chest, he buckled two straps over his shoulders and underneath his arms, and another around his body a short distance above his waist. Then he cut a small

hole in his trousers's pocket and slipped the pump into it.

"Now," said Mr. Levitt, "when you press that plunger down, which you see at the end of the pump, the rubber bag or balloon will fill with air. When you wish it to stop, press that little plug there, and if you keep on pressing it your 'chest' will become gradually flattened. Only be sure to press it when you wish it to stop, because if you do not, your 'chest' will probably explode, and with unpleasant results."

The boys were at the Opera House early that evening in order to secure good seats. The hall was packed and there was much chuckling and whispering among the students. Shortly after the performance began, Mr. Levitt came in, and room was made for him beside Jack.

Never had a show seemed to drag along so slowly. It seemed ages to the initiated ones. Finally, however, the professor began to "show off" his expansion and Jack coolly announced that he wished to compete with him. The excitement had now become intense and the silence was broken only by the deep tones of the professor. Two men were chosen to hold the tape-measures which were to decide who was the victor.

Jack took his place beside the professor, and Dick, for he was one of the two chosen, placed the tape around his chest.

At the word they commenced to expand; Jack's right hand had already sought his pocket. Glancing sideways at the professor he saw that he was becoming red in the face, then he remembered to hold his own breath. Larger and larger grew his chest, but just as large grew the professor's.

"For Heaven's sake, Jack," whispered Dick, "cut it short or you'll —"

Two simultaneous explosions seemed to rend the pent-up air of the Opera House.

The professor had also had a rubber chest!

W. F. T., '04.

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## A NIGHT IN A COUNTRY CHURCH

---

IT was a blustering evening outside, but in the club-house we had managed to have a pleasant time, entirely forgetful of the stormy homeward journey which awaited us at its close. Now the circle around the fire was reluctantly breaking up, each member seeking his coat and hat. Even after we had taken down our coats, we delayed putting them on, still lingering in the cheery warmth of the club-room; and at last some one suggested that we have one more story. Laughingly we drew our chairs about the fire again, looking toward the man to whom the duty of entertaining us fell—we passed our evenings seated together thus, each one, in turn, telling some story or singing some song. This time, it fell to one of the older members to amuse us; he was a man who had travelled abroad, and was full of stories and legends of the places which he had seen. His stories were always looked forward to with pleasure, so now all leaned forward expectantly to hear his tale. Here it is, just as he told it:—

“In my various travels, I have been forced to spend many nights in uncomfortable situations; once I wandered about for hours in a snow-storm; once I got lost in a forest; but I confess, and I can do it without shame, that the worst night I ever spent was in a country church. I am familiar with the forest at night, but I am not in the habit of wandering around in churches after the lights are out and every one else has gone home.

“The way I happened to get into such a predicament was this. It was during my second trip abroad, and I was visiting England. I had grown tired of the continual rush of sight-seeing, and had decided to spend a week or two in the country, studying the home-life of the peasants, and getting a new stock of local legends,—I always was great on legends, you know. Well, I found a quiet, little village

that just suited me, and hastened to get lodgings with one of the private families. I don't think I ever enjoyed myself more than during that week. I spent my time in taking long tramps into the surrounding country, and chatting with the ‘oldest inhabitants,’ and at the end of the week, I had gathered enough superstitions and strange stories to fill a book—I really think I'll publish them some day. Sunday evening arrived, and I decided to go to the service, for there I should be sure to see all sorts of people, and could observe and compare them.

“About ten minutes later, I found myself seated in a dark corner of the village church, a richly decorated building for that part of the country, where I could see all, and yet not be seen. My eyes were kept busy until the service began, and then I tried to concentrate my attention on that. The sermon could not have been very interesting, however, for I fell asleep during the discourse, and knew nothing more until I awoke and found myself in the dark.

“The exit of the congregation must have aroused me, for I distinctly remember hearing the door shut with a bang and the grating of rusty locks. I was a little dazed but quickly gathered my senses, and hearing the steps of some lingering villagers on the path outside I started, without further thought, to let them know I was locked in. I jumped up, knocking over something with a crash, in my wild haste, and called to them with all the strength of my lungs; but, alas, this was a fatal error, as I found out to my sorrow. When I had shouted myself out of breath, I stopped to listen. All I could hear was the quickly receding footsteps of the frightened rustics, hastening down the farther end of the path. Here *was* a predicament, and I became more flurried.

“In my confusion, my one thought was that

I must get to the door immediately. I started off, as luck would have it, in the wrong direction, and had not taken more than five steps when I ran into a pillar with a shock that nearly knocked me down. After wandering about for what seemed half an hour, at least, although probably only five or ten minutes, I began to have a profound respect for the place. When I had entered it that evening, I would not have believed that it was large enough to hold half the hard objects which I had run against in my short ramble. It is a long path that has no turning, however, and at length I came out near the massive door, only to find it securely locked. I stooped and looked through the keyhole; all was dark save where, in the distance, the bright beams of an occasional light shone out into the night. In spite of my position, I smiled as I thought of the frightened villagers.

“After all, I was not in such a bad fix. I slowly made my way to the nearest pew and lay down on the soft cushions.

“For a long time I lay wide awake, staring up at the ceiling, my mind recurring persistently to former scenes of my life; particulars forgotten long ago came thronging back to me, but at last I must have gone to sleep, for the next thing I remember was being suddenly startled from unconsciousness by the wailing of the wind outside. At first I could not recollect where I was, and when I did recall my situation, I was not much reassured. I shuddered, and covered closer against the pew, as I looked on the weird sights about me. All the beauty of the little church was transformed to ghostly whiteness by the pale, cold light of the moon. Ranged along the side walls were the carved figures on the old tombs, beautiful in the warm sunlight, but now looking like tall, gaunt spectres. One of them, the figure of a knight, was made especially ghastly by the blood-red reflection which fell on it from a stained-glass window above. The knight stood out alone tall, white, and motionless, leaning on his sword,

his expressionless eyes turned upward as if in pain, while the shadow fell on his breast, as if from that red stain his very life-blood was pouring forth. The cold, white marble in the aisle was continually crossed by black, fleeting shadows from the flying clouds without. In the belfry overhead the wind wailed and sobbed, the windows rattled and shook. Although I am not at all superstitious, I almost believed myself in some ghastly assembly, risen at the call of the wild wind.

“I sat huddled up, scarcely daring to breathe. Even after I had found natural causes for the ghastly sights and sounds, still I felt a strange awe of them; still I started at some quickly moving shadows, a sudden sight of white figures, or an unusually loud rattle of the windows. All night I sat there apprehending, glancing at the white forms around me, and staring into the deep gloom of the far corners, fearfully watching the gliding shadows and listening to the wailing wind. The moon dropped lower and lower, and finally left me in darkness, still watching the dimly outlined figures, more fearful in that vague dusk than in the ghastly moonlight. How long I sat there thus, I do not know, but at last, I became aware of a growing light. Gradually it grew, and just as the sun leaped above the hills, flooding everything with his glad light, just as the birds began to sing and all things were springing into life, there was a rattle of keys in the lock, and the door swung open disclosing to me the anxious faces of my host and a party of his friends, who had been searching for me half the night.”

The story-teller ceased, and we reluctantly left the fire and went out into the stormy night to fight our several ways homeward.

R. T. P., '05.



*Bos sternitur.*

The ox is laid out.

# LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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SEPTEMBER, 1903

THE boys of this school published eight papers before THE REGISTER was started.

"*The Literary Journal*,"—May 9, 1829, and every Saturday until August 8 of the same year.

"*The Rising Sun*,"—1845.

"*The Gleaner*,"—1845. Fifty numbers at one cent per copy.

"*The Bedford St. Budget*,"—1846-8.

"*The Rivulet*,"—1846-8.

"*The Juvenile Gazette*,"—1848.

"*The Streamlet*,"—1848.

None of these appear to have been strictly school papers. The first received contributions entirely from sources unconnected with the school, and made no mention of school matters whatever. Not until after the war, about 1866, was any further school publications attempted. Then "*The Satchel*" appeared. It was an excellent little paper, but after the graduation of its editorial staff it was not continued. In 1881 the first number of the LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER was published. The introductory editorial was in part as follows: "In presenting the REGISTER to the Latin School, a few words concerning our design in its publication are necessary. It is

our intention to edit a paper that will both benefit and amuse; that will bring the boys into closer relationship, and make them realize that they are the common children of the oldest, grandest, and most renowned school in the world. As the name of our journal implies, we intend to keep a register of all the events which we think will interest those who are, or have been, connected with the school."

In entering on the twenty-third volume of the REGISTER, we may well quote the words of the founders of the paper. Our objects are, in the main, the same; but of course we hope that, by profiting by the errors and successes of the previous editors, we may give the school a better paper than they have ever had before. We wish to assure both old readers and new that we have at heart only the best interests of our school and of the paper. We ask that our classmates of 1904 and the other members of the school will support THE REGISTER during this year as loyally and as actively as they have in previous years.



On returning to school this Fall, we found many changes had been made. In the first place, the wood-work all over the building had been painted a very dark green color, which

some even called black. The walls above the wood-work were colored a lighter green, so that the effect in the corridors and recitation rooms was very dark. The lockers had been removed from the rooms, and the basement filled with them. Modern plumbing, including shower baths in the football room, had been installed. We understand these repairs cost over \$30,000.

As the days have passed and opportunity has been given for testing the practicability of these arrangements, many adverse criticisms have reached us. Nearly all are displeased with the "funeral tints" which are so much in evidence. A physician has declared them in his opinion, injuries to the eyes. Confusion arises in the lunch-room through great lack of space. The ample space which formerly went a long way toward offsetting the other disadvantages in the lunch room is now filled with lockers, so that it is necessary to use the drum room as an outlet. Many have said that they consider it a waste of money, and that they know of plenty of needy students whom the city could have made excellent scholars with a small portion of that sum.

However, there is another side to the matter. It seems to us, as to all, that a far better result would have been obtained had others been consulted, but our familiarity with the former colors doubtless has much to do with our dislike for the present sombre tints. Then again, plumbing is proverbially a costly thing, and much of the money was probably expended in this direction; and, finally, we should be grateful that the city sufficiently appreciated the importance of the Boston Latin School to appropriate so large a sum for the improvement of its building.

THE REGISTER is deprived of a large amount of valuable material because boys do not *try* to write; but more frequently because aspirants to literary honor attempt something which even men of age and experience could do only

with difficulty. We do not expect that all our contributions will be either deep, mournful, or blood-thirsty; of course, we do not say this to discourage any one who has written or intends to write some good piece somewhat sad or deep; for some of the greatest works in literature are both, but we believe that the majority of our readers are much more interested in bright, cleverly-written poems or stories, or carefully prepared articles, illustrated perhaps with a good photograph; and we shall give preference to pieces which are in accordance with this belief.



We have noticed a constantly increasing interest among the pupils and teachers of the school in the study of birds, and it is with great pleasure that we watch its development. There is no branch of nature study which offers more pleasure and profit than Ornithology; the birds about us are found to have a really human interest, aside from the delight they afford us with beauty of plumage and song. Not only is it a pleasure to name the birds which are about us every day in the year, and to distinguish one song from another, but it becomes at length a deeper love which leads to the heart of Nature. Of course, the purely physical benefit to be derived from a study which keeps one in the open air, and trains keenness of ear and the power of observation, is very great. Any one in the school who finds himself in any way troubled in matters of identification, or in the choice of birding-places will find the Editor-in-Chief always ready to help him. We hope this study will become more and more popular until the person who can correctly identify a score of our native birds will be the rule rather than the exception.



We wish especially to thank the members of the class of 1909 for the support they have given the REGISTER by subscribing. We only wish the other classes would do as well.

---

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

---

Stretching out onward past forest and lake,  
Through the darkness of night or the bright  
light of day,  
Level and smooth, without turning or break,  
Straight as a dart goes the king's highway.

I.

The air is fragrant and fresh and cool,  
On a nearby tree the squirrels play ;  
The fishes dart in a shady pool,  
And the day breaks fair on the king's high-  
way.

II.

The farmers all appear in sight  
With scythe in hand ; on such a day  
Living is nothing but sheer delight,  
And the sun shines bright on the king's  
highway.

Stretching out onward past forest and lake,  
Through the darkness of the night,  
Level and smooth without turning or break,  
Straight as a dart goes the king's highway.

III.

Now comes the stage with rattle and crash,  
The horn blows shrill and the horses neigh ;  
They pause a moment, then off they dash,  
And vanish from sight on the king's high-  
way.

IV.

The children come from school set free,  
All so happy and bright and gay ;  
They laugh with unaffected glee  
As they scurry home on the king's highway.

V.

Now from afar the curfew rings  
The sky puts on its robe of gray ;  
To his mate in her nest the whip-poor-will  
sings,  
And the shadows fall on the king's highway.

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R O W I N G

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On July 2, the B. A. A. eight defeated the Central High School crew at the "American Henley," near Philadelphia. Comstock, the crack bow oar of our crew, held the same position in the B. A. A. eights. At the start, Comstock jumped his slide and the boats were recalled. After this everything went well, and the Boston crew soon pulled ahead, and immediately showed the superiority of their stroke. Before the line was crossed somebody fired a pistol and the crew thought the race was over ; but the boat drifted across

the line. If this had not happened the Boston eight would have won a greater margin ; as it was, however, they were five seconds ahead. The Boston Interscholastic Crew was made up as follows : — Stroke, S. W. Blenn ; No. 7, Hopewell ; No. 6, T. Gringe ; No. 5, A. Ellis ; No. 4, H. Kregman ; No. 3, R. L. Woodbury ; No. 2, E. Farley ; bow, W. B. Comstock ; cox., R. V. Arnold.



*Gerus virum truncis.*

Race of men with headless trunks.

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# Latin School Register 13

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## F O O T B A L L

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The outlook for the foot-ball team is very bright this year. Captain Edwards has engaged the Locust Street Grounds, and practice is well under way. The team has a great record to live up to, and it needs the support of the *entire* school. We do not ask the fellows to attend the games; you are Latin School boys, and it is your *duty* to support the team at every game.

The schedule is not quite complete, but as it now stands it is:

Groton, Sept. 30, Groton.

Mechanics Arts, Oct. 6, Charles River Park.

Pomfret Oct. 10, Pomfret.

Somerville, Oct. 13, Somerville.

Salem, Oct. 17, Salem.

Dorchester, Oct. 20, Dorchester.

Bridgewater, Oct. 24, Bridgewater.

Medford, Oct. 28, Medford.

Brookline, Nov. 3.

Newton, Nov. 6.

"Hoppy," Nov. 10.

Cambridge Latin, Nov. 17, Charles River Park.

English High, Nov. 26, South End.

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## T E N N I S

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Last Spring's tournament has not yet been finished. It is expected that it will be finished this week, however. Those left in the singles and doubles are as follows:—

### SINGLES.

Finals. Challenge match.

Marks } N. Niles.

Westfall } ———

### DOUBLES.

Finals.

N. Niles and D. Niles } Winner.

Marks and Westfall }

Although it was decided last year that a challenge round would be played, the winner challenging N. Niles, the winner of last Fall's tournament, this Fall it has been decided that the tournament will have no challenge round, N. Niles playing as in any tournament. N. Niles won the Harvard Interscholastic Tennis tournament. He played at Newport, but was beaten by Behr, from Princeton, in the finals.

W., '05.

Although at the going to press of THE REGISTER the entrances for the Tennis Tournament are not many, it is hoped that many more will have entered by Friday. The entrances, received up to Monday, are as follows:—

### SINGLES.

Rogers, Wise, Vickery, Marks, Wendemuth, Paul, Sweetser, Stewart, D. Niles, Comstock, Tenney, Barrow, Moffett, Emery, Burlingame, McShane, N. Niles, Westfall, Parker.

### DOUBLES.

Rogers and Wise, Tenney and Paul, Somes and Comstock, Merrill and Gordon, N. Niles and D. Niles, Marks and Westfall.



Niles defeated Holden of the Quincy Tennis Club in the finals of the Club's annual tournament. The score was 1—6, 6—1, 6—2, 6—4. By this victory Niles takes the cup, and adds one more victory to his constantly-increasing list. The school takes pride in his success.



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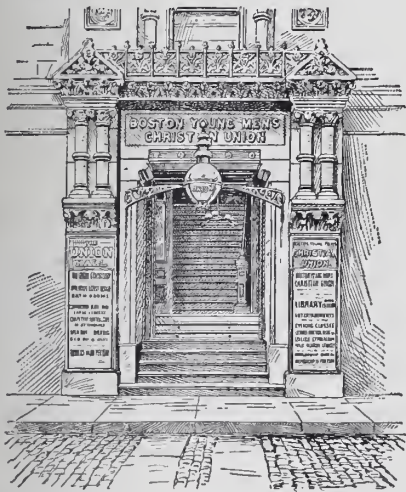
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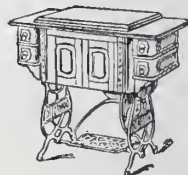
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Available Assets . . . . .	968,085.78
Total Liabilities . . . . .	288,409.64
Cash Surplus . . . . .	160,018.06
Gain in Surplus in 1902 . . . . .	19,248.21
Gain in Assets in 1902 . . . . .	61,487.74
Losses paid in 1902 . . . . .	63,755.32
Dividends paid in 1902 . . . . .	58,455.46
Amount at Risk increased in 1902 . . . . .	1,956,926.00

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